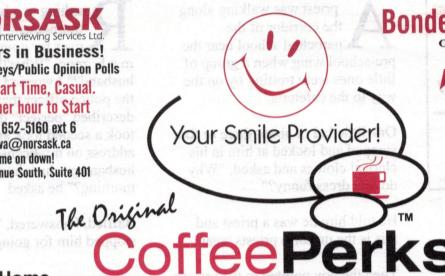


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ur newer, high-speed computer was in the shop for repair, and my son was forced to work on our old model with the black-and-white printer.

"Mom." he complained to me one day, "this is like we're living back in the twentieth century."



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am a deputy sheriff assigned to courthouse security. As part of my job. I explain court procedures to visitors. One day I was showing a group of ninthgraders around. Court was in recess and only the clerk and a young man in custody wearing handcuffs were in the courtroom. "This is where the judge sits," I began, pointing to the bench. "The lawyers sit at these tables. The court clerk sits over there. The court recorder, or stenographer, sits over here. Near the judge is the witness stand and over there is where the jury sits. As you can see," I finished, "there are a lot of people involved in making this system work."

At that point, the prisoner raised his cuffed hands and said, "Yeah, but I'm the one who makes it all happen."

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y wife was fascinated by the elegant calligraphy on the hand-written menu in a Chinese restaurant. She took it home and spent months knitting a sweater with Chinese characters down the front. She was wearing it at a cocktail party when a Chinese physician asked where she got the symbols. "From a menu," she admitted.

"Do you know what they say?"

"I'm afraid to ask," my wife said, "but tell me anyway."

"Cheap, but good."

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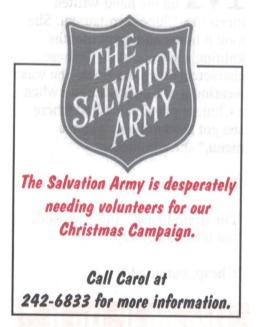
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play pinochle regularly with seven other women, most of whom are age 70 or older.

Recently we celebrated the birthday of our oldest member by taking her out to lunch. When the waitress came to take our order, one of the women said to her, "This is a very special occasion. It's Elsie's ninety-second birthday."

The waitress made seven instant enemies and one fast friend by asking the question, "Which one of you is Elsie?"



was walking around town when i saw my friend who is a notorious thief driving a brand new car finally i got him to pull over and i asked him how much he paid for it but he never told me all he said is that the car was a steal.

priest was walking along the corridor of the parochial school near the pre-school wing when a group of little ones were trotting by on the way to the cafeteria.

One little lad of about three or four stopped and looked at him in his clerical clothes and asked, "Why do you dress funny?"

He told him he was a priest and this is the uniform priests wear.

Then the boy pointed to the priest's plastic collar tab and asked, "Do you have an owie?"

The priest was perplexed till he realized that to him the collar tab looked like a Band Aid. So the priest took it out and handed it to the boy to show him. On the back of the tab are raised letters giving the name of the manufacturer.

The little guy felt the letters, and the priest asked, "Do you know what those words say?"

"Yes I do," said the lad who was not old enough to read. Peering intently at the letters he said, "Kills ticks and fleas up to six months!"





ushing to a bridge tournament, I was pulled over for going 43 in a 35 m.p.h. zone. "What'll I tell my husband?" I worried, explaining to the police officer that he was a self-described "perfect" driver. The cop took a second look at the name and address on my license. "Did your husband go duck hunting this morning?" he asked.

Baffled, I answered, "Yes." < BR. "I stopped him for going 47."

Cloth for kids

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Cloth for kids is a Saskatoon based non-profit organization, that produces and provides clothing to Saskatoon and inner city children.

Was at a baseball game in Yankee Stadium, when I decided to get myself a hot dog. As I stood up, my husband asked me to buy him a beer. The young clerk at the concession stand asked to see verification of age.

"You've got to be kidding," I said.
"I'm almost 40 years old."

He apologized, but he said he had to see some ID, it was policy.

When I showed him my driver's license, the clerk served me the beer. "That will be \$6.25, please." he said.

I gave him \$7.00 and told him to keep the change. "The tip's for carding me," I said.

He put the change into his tip cup and replied, "Thanks."

And as I walked away, I heard him add, "Works every time."

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here was a time when I wore a wig to work. It was convenient and, I thought, matched my real hair perfectly. One day I was on the elevator when a woman got on. Staring at my head, she said, "If you don't mind my asking, is that a wig?"

"Why, yes," I said.

"Wow," she replied. "You'd never know it."

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amily dinner was an enjoyable weekly ritual for us. Although my Mother was in her late 80's she certainly still had the ability to clearly say what was on her mind.

This was the first dinner on my sister's beautiful new dining room furniture. As we all sat enjoying good food and conversation Mom kept squirming in her chair. Finally, my sister asked, "Are you alright? Are you uncomfortable?"

Without looking up from her dinner Mom replied, "No, the chair is."

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uring a business trip to
Boeing's Everett, Wash.,
factory, I noticed several
747 and 777 airliners being
assembled. Before the engines
were installed, huge weights were
hung from the wings to keep the
planes balanced. The solid-steel
weights were bright yellow and
marked "14,000 lbs." But what I
found particularly interesting was
some stenciling I discovered on the
side of each weight. Imprinted
there was the warning: "Remove
before flight."

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ur young daughter had adopted a stray cat. To my distress, he began to use the back of our new sofa as a scratching post.

"Don't worry," my husband reassured me. "I'll have him trained in no time."

For several days, my husband patiently "trained" our new pet. Whenever the cat scratched, my husband deposited him outdoors to teach him a lesson.

The cat learned quickly. For the next 16 years, whenever he wanted to go outside, he scratched the back of the sofa.

rying to control my dry hair, I treated my scalp with olive oil before washing it.
Worried that the oil might leave an odor, I washed my hair several times.

That night when I went to bed, I leaned over to my husband and asked, "Do I smell like olive oil?"

"No," he said, sniffing me. "Do I smell like Popeye?"



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uring the years that I was home with my three children, I occasionally had to handle banking business for our family-owned corporation. One of those times my youngest was only two weeks old and the older ones were three and four years old. With trepidation I entered the bank lobby with all three children in tow, hoping that they would behave appropriately for that business climate, and was dismayed to see several people in each teller's line.

As I held the baby, I swayed and bounced to keep her relaxed and quiet. After a few minutes, my four-year-old daughter, who was holding my skirt, looked up and asked, "Mommy, why are you doing that?"

Then, after a short pause, her face lit with revelation and she asked knowingly, "Do you need to go potty?" It's a shame bank lobbies can be so quiet.



n old man limped into the doctor's office and said, "Doctor, my knee hurts so bad, I can hardly walk!"

The doctor slowly eyed him from head to toe, paused, and then said, "Sir, how old are you?"

"I'm 98," the man announced proudly.

The doctor just sighed and looked at him again. Finally he said, "Sir, I'm sorry. I mean, just look at you. You are almost one hundred years old, and you're complaining that your knee hurts? Well, what did you expect?"

The old man said, "Well, my other knee is 98 years old too, and it doesn't hurt!"



n out-of-town fellow pilot missed a turn to his gate at LaGuardia Airport in New York, a harmless mistake that nonetheless ruffles the feathers of the ground controllers. I heard one of the controllers, a woman, holler through the radio, "Where do you think you're going?" She followed with a torrent of harshly worded instructions.

Then came a third voice. "Hey," an unidentified pilot remarked, "wasn't I married to you once?"



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urning 50 two years ago, I took a lot of good-natured ribbing from family and friends. So as my wife's 50th birthday approached, I decided to get in some needling of my own. I sat her down, looked deep into her eyes, then said I had never made love to anyone who was over 50 years old.

"Oh, well, I have," she deadpanned. "It's not that great."



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security and peace of mind were part of the reason we moved to a gated community. Both flew out the window the night I called a local pizza shop for a delivery. "I'd like to order a large pepperoni, please," I said, then gave him the address of our condominium.

"We'll be there in about half an hour," the kid at the other end replied. "Your gate code is still 1238, right?"



bout to have a blood test, I nervously waited while the nurse tightened a tourniquet around my arm. "I understand you're from Winnipeg," she said. "Are you a Blue Bommers fan?"

"Absolutely!" I replied.

"Well," she continued as she raised the needle, "this may hurt a little. I'm from Saskatchewan."

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